Roxbury, June 2, 1875.

Dear Wendell:

Yours of yesterday is received. As we had heard nothing from William since he left home, we were particularly glad to be informed as to how he and the children were getting along at the Park. To-morrow morning we hope to see them safely back again, when we shall have all the particulars of the visit — a visit that must have been equally novel and gratifying to Agnes and Charley, and no doubt very enjoyable to Lloyd and Phil.

Since I wrote to you, I have had a good deal of oppression in the left breast, with sharp pains, covering the region of the heart; arising perhaps from taking cold, or not improbably having a rheumatic origin. I am now somewhat relieved,

but the enemy is not dislodged. It makes me seriously question, whether I ought to make my contemplated trip to Orange and Longwood, especially the latter place, where I shall have much talking to do in public and private, very little sleep, and no small amount of mental excitement. I can judge of this better in the course of a day or two; but I now feel that it would be prudent for me to "back out" altogether, though I should be sorry to disappoint the Longwood friends, as I have apprised them of my intention of coming.

Should I feel well enough to undertake the journey, as I have a great dislike to being on the water for the night even in a palatial steamer, I shall doubtless come by the day route, via Springfield and New Haven, on Saturday. In that case, I do not wish you to wait for

me, or to come up to the station for me, as I can take a Fourth Avenue car, and ride down to Barclay street, and so cross over to the Jersey side — a route with which I am perfectly familiar. At Orange, if it is not convenient to meet me at the depot with the family carriage, I can hire some one to take me to the Park. But you shall know definitely whether I am coming or not, when I write again.

I erred in supposing that the Longwood meeting commence on Wednesday instead of Thursday, next week. Tuesday, therefore, I might conclude to spend at Paterson.

Father Chace, of Providence, is dead and buried — a good man, and a veteran in the anti-slavery cause.

Love to all the dear ones.

W. L. G.

P.S.